THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

Vol. II.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1808. [No. 25.

(concluded from page 281.)

Truth is the proper object of the understanding as food is the nourishment of the body. BURGH's *Dignity of Human Nature.*

Argument 3d.—IN the second verse, the apostle says, "and therefore in this body we groan, desiring to be clothed with our house of heaven." Here let it be observed, that the house of earth, and the house of heaven, are set in opposition; the one must be left ere the other be inhabited; or, considered as a covering, or vehicle, the one must be put off ere the other be put on. The *we* is the principal character who groans and desires earnestly to inhabit this heavenly house; to put on this glorious covering; but if the soul sleep with the body, and is raised with the body, this other house, that glorious covering is the child of fancy; and the body, which sees corruption, is the only house that the soul can ever inhabit; but this is contrary to the express words of the text, therefore false.

In the fourth verse, our translators have not done justice to the original in their expression, that death might be swallowed up of life—by their translation, it would seem that life would swallow up death; now as the thing swallowed is contained in the thing swallowing, therefore death would be in life, far from the apostle's meaning. The Greek word καταποθῇ, translated *swallowed up*, signifies to *absorb*, to *drink up*, as the flowers drink up or absorb the dew, or as the earth drinks in or absorbs the rain—and ὑπὸ τῆς ζωῆς I would rather translate *from life* than *of life*. The true reading therefore, is as follows, For we, existing in this tabernacle, because we are burdened do groan, not to be unclothed, but to be clothed more completely, and that death may be absorbed, drank up or

extracted from life,—that is, when stripped of figure, that the immortal principle which has dwelt a companion, and been so long closely connected with mortality, may be entirely separated from that mortality and corruption, and be clothed with the house of heaven.

After this conclusive reasoning of the apostle, is it possible that our opponents can say, the soul sleeps with the body? nay, maintain that many shall sleep to awake no more? Let reason for one moment speak—if the sleep be eternal, can death be absorbed from life? nay, will not the contrary be true, that their life will be absorbed, or as our translators have given it, swallowed by death? nor will their sleep of some souls in a state remote from consciousness, agree with the apostle, for as long as they remain in the state devoid of sensation, they are, to all intents and purposes *dead*; their life, so far, is swallowed up of death—their inward man is not increasing day by day, and they still remain clothed in their earthly house, and unclothed with their house of heaven—contradicting in every view the reasoning of the apostle.

Verse fifth, And he who buildeth us up in this hope is GOD, who also gives us the earnest of the SPIRIT; and therefore we are always confident, knowing, that dwelling in the body WE dwell from the LORD (for we walk by faith not by vision:) But we still preserve our confidence, and would much rather journey, or migrate from the body, and go to dwell with the LORD; and therefore we strive, that whether inhabiting the body, or migrating from the body, we may be approved of HIM: Than these words, what can be more evident? Is it possible to express a sentiment more clearly? The apostle declares that something, which he stiles *we*, can journey from the body, can dwell in the body, can leave the body, and can dwell with CHRIST! Shall we be for ever covered with the mantle of prejudice? will we still shut our eyes on the truth revealed? Either this book is a fable, or the doctrine I advance stands on a foundation which cannot be shaken: If it be not true, let it be openly avowed—but if true, let us not dare to handle it deceitfully: Let us not dare to explain away its meaning by taking liberties with it, which would never be taken with other authors, which would make it mean any thing a fanciful imagination may suggest—let us remember, For every word we must give an account: And happy, thrice happy will undoubtedly he be, who shall by grace be enabled to give in his account with joy.

My last argument shall be deduced from these words in the eighth verse, "We would much rather journey from the body and go to dwell with the LORD, and therefore we strive, that whether inhabiting or migrating we may be approved of HIM." —What is meant by journeying from the body? our opposers would say, PAUL thou art beside thyself, too much learning hath made thee mad—do you think that when the breath leaves this body, a something, which even you cannot describe, will soar away to the third heavens, or above the stars, or to limbus patrium, and there live? this is all heathenish error, published by PLATO, and fostered since by superstition—this doctrine has conjured up ghosts, created devils, and almost made cowards of us all; but we know it is all a fiction, there is no disembodied spirits, there are no devils—the souls of believers go with their bodies down to the grave, and there, unconscious, remain to the resurrection; whilst the souls and bodies of unbelievers go down to the grave and sleep eternally!

PAUL replies, my dear friends believe me, I am not *mad* but speak the words of truth and soberness—my doctrine which I have received of the LORD is, that our inward man will leave this earthly body, and will at death go to dwell with the LORD, that with HIM, he, that is our inward man, will grow and increase for ever—for, when this tenement of clay is laid in the earth, and sees corruption, our spirits, or souls, or inward man, will be clothed with our house of heaven—and for this we anxiously look, desiring to be clothed with that glorious vehicle, to be absent from the body, to be present with the LORD, to walk no more by faith, but enjoy the full happiness resulting from the immedite presence of him who is, and who was, and who is to come.

To set aside this reasoning, 1*st*. Our opponents must prove, that I have in every verse mistaken the meaning of the inspired author.

2*d*. That the earthly house v. 1—5. and the outward man iv. 16. mean not the same; that the inward man in the 16*th* verse of the 4*th*, and the *we*, verse 1. chap. v. are quite different.

3*d*. They must prove that the soul, or spirit, cannot leave the body, and that it is not possible for it to have any other house than this body.

And *lastly*, They must prove that the soul can never be present with the LORD, till after the resurrection.

But it may be *objected*, If the soul or spirit be thus clothed with a heavenly house, when it is separated from this body,

and enjoys the immediate presence, what need is there for a resurrection of the body? I answer, I know not—it is sufficient for me, that the scripture declares the first, and assures us of the latter.

Objection—Though the soul sleep in an unconscious state, no loss will be experienced; for the interval between death and the resurrection will be to the sleepers but as an instant.—On this I cannot depend, the scriptures declare that the spirit shall exist in a state of action, of growing, of enjoying, while the body is in a state of corruption, and I, in my wisdom, dare not call an unconscious sleep, a state of this kind.

Objection—No evil consequence results from the opinion of the soul remaining in a quiescent state, until the resurrection, I answer, 1*st*. It evidently appears to me contrary to scripture, consequently to me it must be evil. 2*d*. To the true lover of GOD, it would be no agreeable reflection in the hour of of death, that perhaps he must lie insensibly for some thousands of years remote from the enriching presence of his heavenly FATHER, and incapable of enjoying the sweet consolations of Divinity: Can such a thought please the truly christianised soul, whose heart panteth for GOD as doth the hunted stag for the brooks of refreshing waters? O no, he cannot bear the idea; to be deprived of thinking of his GOD and SAVIOUR but for one day, to him would be a great punishment; what would then be a deprivation of thought for thousands of years? My soul recoils from the disagreeable thought, I grasp more firmly the word of truth—I faint not—because I am *assured*, that though our outward man turn to dust, our inward man is renewed in strength continually. OBADIAH OPTIC.

SELECTED.

THE VICTIMS OF WAR:—A TALE.

(concluded from page 284.)

CLAUDIA wiped her eyes, and seated herself on the lowly bench. Days passed, and yet Bretagne came not. Her agitation was extreme. She wished, but dreaded, to enquire of her goaler the reason of his absence; and, worked up to a pitch of phrensy by suspense, she faintly asked if monsieur Bretagne was well? 'He is well, I make not the least doubt,' cried the surly Frenchman; and his crime, of serving an *Anglaise*, is expiated.' She heard no more; but, fainting, fell on the damp floor. The goaler gave a ghastly smile of pleasure,

and left her. When she recovered, she found herself in the presence of two or three officers, who behaved to her with the most insulting freedom. 'I wonder not at Bretagne's lenity,' cried one, in French; 'for, surely she is a lovely woman.' 'A compassionate heart may sometimes be led into danger, though,' answered his companion; 'and before this, Bretagne, I make no doubt, repents the warm indiscretions of his.' 'Gentlemen,' cried Claudia, 'what means this intrusion? May I not be allowed to give vent to the flowings of my breaking heart, without being overlooked by the prying eyes of those who would seek my destruction?' The officers gave her a look of indignation; and Claudia trembling, continued—

'You need not fear my eluding you; the means I have not in my power; and even if I had, Claudia Hadlier's soul possesses too much of a Briton's spirit to act dishonourably, even when confined by an inveterate enemy. I confess I have been, unknowingly the foe of Bretagne. Alas! I can but say that, on his account, I am most wretched.'

'We came not,' said the superiour officer, 'with a view of intruding on your womanish weakness; but to tell you this hour you must leave this place for ——.' Claudia looked incredulous. 'You need not eye me thus, mademoiselle,' continued he, 'but behold this,' drawing forth a paper, 'and it will show you my power is absolute.' Claudia gazed on the paper with horror. 'And is not my father to go likewise?' enquired she. 'No; that cannot be!' loudly cried he; 'the captain must remain here, and you must be widely separated.' 'I will not then go! I will not leave him!' franticly she exclaimed. 'Ah, say not so!' cried the enraged Frenchman, while the other two laughed immoderately at the frantic gestures of the poor prisoner.

Claudia flung herself on her trembling knees, she raised her eyes to heaven; then, half-rising, clasped her arms round his, and tenderly asked him to give her a short respite. He flung her from him with disdain; and, without speaking, turned away from the weeping suppliant.

'There is but one way, then, to rid myself of your controul; and soon shall you see that way!' furiously exclaimed she, writhing with agony, and snatching from the folds of her dress a dagger, which she had found in her prison, she plunged it in her bosom!

They strove to arrest her hand, but in vain; for nearly to the hilt it was buried in her snowy breast.

'Now Bretagne! now sweet Henri! you can no longer be suspected of humanity to poor Claudia! Now inhuman wretches! behold your prisoner, who scorned to live in your piteous bondage!' Oh, my beloved father! my Sidney! my Darina! my Susette! my mother! O!' and falling on the straw pallet, Claudia breathed out her last. *

Poor child of misery, ill wast thou fitted for thy hard lot! ill were thy spirits able to sustain their load!

The officers, who disgraced by their inhumanity their honourable profession, appalled at the horrid sight, slowly left the prison; and shortly after, the poor Claudia was conveyed to her cold bed of earth.

Captain Hadlier, when made acquainted with the tragical end of his darling daughter, grew frantic. His senses entirely left him; and, some time after, when an exchange of prisoners was made, the poor maniac left the fatal shore of France, and returned to England, to unfold the sad tale to his wife, to crush the rising hopes of the brave and generous Stanhope, and to overwhelm with wretchedness the amiable Darina Fitzherbert.

SELECTED.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

The high tides in the calendar. SHAKSPEAR.

CANDLEMASS-DAY.

THIS day goes under several denominations; it is called the day of CHRIST's presentation; because on it CHRIST was presented in the temple; it is called the holiday of St. Simeon, because it was on it that he took our SAVIOUR up in his arms; and it is called the *Purification*, because then the holy Virgin was purified. It is generally a day of festivity, and more than ordinary observation among women, and it is therefore called the *Wives Feast Day*. The feasting seems to be observed in honour of the *virgin Mary*, for, as on the day of a woman's being *churched*, there is no common entertainment, so it seems, that this feasting was begun by way of memorial of the churching day of the Virgin Mary.

It has the name of *Candlemass day*, because *lights* were distributed and carried about in procession, or because also the use of *lighted tapers*, which was observed all winter at *vespers*

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* *We will take some notice of this tragical story in our next number.*

and *litanies*, were then wont to cease, till the next *All-hallow-mass*.

Ray, in his collection of proverbs, preserves one that relates to this day—

'On *Candlemass day* throw *candle* and *candlestick* away.'

SHROVE-TIDE.

SHROVE-TIDE signified the time of *confessing sins*, as the word tide, which signifies *time*, and the *Saxon* word *shrive* or *shrift*, which signifies *confession*, plainly shew. Thus, in the constitutions of * *Simon Sudbury*, it is ordered, 'that lay-men should be admonished to confess in the very beginning of lent.'

This custom of confessing to the priest at this time, was laid aside by the protestant church at the reformation. 'For sins are to be confessed to GOD alone, and not to the priest, except when the conscience cannot otherwise be quieted; then, indeed, the grief is to be opened to the spiritual guide in private.'

A kind of *pancake feast*, preceding lent, was used in the Greek church, from whence we have probably borrowed it, with parched eggs, and other such like-ceremonies.

Fitzstephen informs us, that, anciently, on Shrove Tuesday, the school-boys used to bring *cocks of the game*† to their master, and to delight themselves in cock fighting all the forenoon. [Stow.]

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* Simon of Sudbury, archbishop of Canterbury, was made at Lambeth, A D 1373, in the second year of Richard the second, in the first year of Urban, the fifth pope, and Clement the seventh anti-pope. This most eloquent man, who was wise incomparably beyond the rest of the kingdom, sat about six years, and at last was beheaded at London, by command of the rebels, Tyler and Stravo, A. D. 1381. In the church of Sudbury, in Suffolk, is to be seen a scull, which is shewn to strangers for the scull of this bishop, and probably it is the true one

† The learned Moresin informs us that this custom of exhibiting cock fights on one day every year, was derived from the Athenians, and from an institution of Themistocles.—'*Galli gallinacei*,' says he, '*producuntur per diem singulis annis in pugnam a Papisequis, ex veteri Athenienſium forma ducto more et Themistoclis instituto.*' Cæel Rhod. lib. 9 Varior. Lect. cap 46 Idem Pergami siebat. Alex. ab Alex. lib. 5. cap. 8. Depraw. Rel. Orig. p. 66.

This custom was retained in many schools in Scotland, within the last century; perhaps it is still in use. The schoolmasters were said to preside at the battle, and claimed the run away cocks as their perquisites. I forbear to describe the method of throwing at cocks, for as Boerhaave observes, on another occasion, 'to teach the arts of cruelty is equivalent to committing them.'

Since that time, a barbarous custom hath been instituted in different countries, on this day, of *throwing at cocks*, which we hope will be soon forgotten. It is an amusement fit only for savages, and not for humanized men, much less for those who are called christians.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day. *Hamlet.*

THERE is a rural tradition, that, about this time of year, birds choose their mates. Bourne, in his antiquities of the common people, observes, that 'it is a ceremony never omited among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term Valentines, on the eve before Valentine's day. The names of a select number of one sex, are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel; and after that every one draws a name, which, for the present, is called their Valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards.' Mr. Brand adds, 'that he has searched the legend of St. Valentine, but thinks there is no occurrence in his life that could give rise to this ceremony.'

ASH-WEDNESDAY,

So called from a custom observed in the ancient christian church, of penitents expressing their humiliation at this time, by appearing in sackcloth and ashes.

In a convocation held in the time of Henry the eighth, mentioned in Fuller's church history, p. 222, 'giving of ashes on Ash-Wednesday, to put in remembrance every christian man, in the beginning of lent and penance, that he is but ashes and earth, and thereto shall return,' &c. is reserved, with some other rites and ceremonies, that survived the shock, that almost overthrew, at that remarkable æra, the whole pile of catholic institutions.

There is a curious clause in one of the Roman casuists, concerning the *keeping of lent*; it is, 'that beggars, which are ready to affamish for want, may, in lent time, eat what they can get.' See bishop Hall's Triumphs of Rome, p. 123.

SELECTED.

TRADITIONARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN I came to the point called Bein-an-Gore, (peak of Godfrey, in Scotland) I was lost in admiration. The height of the peak, and the formation of the rocks, from the top to the

bottom, many of them columnar, amazed and delighted me' —The seamen lay on their oars while I gazed; and they were almost as much astonished at my raptures, as I was at the wonderful appearance of Bein-an-Gore. What a leap, thought I, was that of Godfrey!

In ages past, the M'Leans of Loch Buy were absolute monarchs of the south side of Mull, and in those days hunting deer was their amusement and support.

Loch Buy commanded a great chase, and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore, (Godfrey) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass, and at the same time declared, if such a thing did happen, Gore should forfeit his life.

Gore took his station, but notwithstanding all his caution, some deer forced the pass, and made their escape.

Gore did not lose his life, but he was ignominiously chastised in the presence of the chieftain, and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak.

The proud highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the face of his chief and clan.—Death, in his opinion would have been honourable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear.

Young and old were assembled to see the chase, and poor Gore's shameful chastisement. Amongst the rest was a nurse with the infant son of the chief in her arms. Gore watched his opportunity, snatched Loch Buy's child from the arms of his nurse, and with him in his hand leaped amongst the rocks of the peak to a shelf far below the astonished spectators. Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph. Rewards and honours were offered; tears and entreaties were poured forth by the distracted parents to Gore, to save and restore their only son. At length he seemed to relent, and declared if Loch Buy was brought within his sight, and chastised in the same ignominious manner he had been, he should be satisfied.

The parent for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son: Gore, with a smile of triumph and contempt, raised the child at arm's length in the air, and with a shout, threw himself over the peak! Both Gore and the child were dashed in pieces long before they reached the sea!

There is not in the world any country so free as England, dare to dispute it there, and it shall be *proved*—by your being *sent to prison*.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

THE SEASON.

SPRING, charming spring's refreshing show'rs,
And balmy airs from verdant hills,
Its vari'gated blooming flow'rs,
Its cheering sun-beams, purling rills,
And songsters gay,
Are all away,
Nor jocund o'er the fields we stray.

Sweet summer with alluring smile,
Invites no more to pleasures gay,
Nor more its num'rous charms beguile,
The fleeting hours of passing day;
In icy chains,
The streams and plains,
Are bound, for dreary winter reigns.

Nor autumn waves its yellow grain;
The harvest gather'd, shook the trees,
The leaves and stubble o'er the plain,
Are borne by winter's rushing breeze;
The piercing gale
Sweeps thro' the vale,
Bleak winds and fearful storms prevail.

No plaintive zephyr sighing wild,
Is courted in the shady grove;
Nor floating on the breezes mild,
Is heard the tender strain of love;
But rude's the blast,
And sky's o'ercast,
The blythsome seasons all are past.

The tempest howls, the snow descends,
And covers thick the lonely mead;
The tall pine to the rough gale bends,
The verdure of the forest's dead,
The herd the flock,
Beside the rock,
Seek shelter from the north-wind's shock.

The cottagers the glowing fire
At eve surround with native glee,
And all day long the rustic lyre
Is kept in tune by industry;
From summer's toil
They now recoil,
For winter's lock'd the furrow'd soil.

But tho' the prospect gloom o'ershades,
And nature seems to frown unkind,
Yet where benevolence pervades,
There is no winter in the mind;
But ever warm,
No ireful storm
Of malice will the heart deform.

Sweet friendship's sunshine cheers the soul,
Alike the seasons pleasing prove;
Nor can the elements controul
The joys that ever spring from love;
But rich supplies
Of pleasures rise
Within the breast, and envy flies.

The Source from whence our blessings flow,
Is still exhaustless, rich and free,
With gratitude our hearts should glow,
For ever thankful should we be;
And cheerful raise
A song of praise
To HIM whose bounty crowns our days. ALICIAN.

ORIGINAL.

LINES, written on a blank leaf in DELIA'S *book.*

FAIR women like to well bound books,
Please fools and children by their looks,
But wise men value not a pin
Aught but their sterling *sense* within;
Then let the love-mad poet go
The human race, the brutes below,
And e'en (O, awful degradation!)
To dumb, blind, thoughtless *vegetation*,
To find fit objects to compare
With his enchanting lovely fair;

Let him degrade the lily, rose,
Her outward beauties to disclose,
The brilliant diamond's glow belie,
To shew the lustre of her eye:—
For me, should I attempt to find
A likeness DELIA for thy mind,
I'd have to leave this earth, I fear,
And search it in some higher sphere.

THE STRANGER.

ORIGINAL.

THE SMILES.

AS sun-beams of morning with radiance benign,
Cheer the vallies and fields and forest-crown'd hills,
And gladness diffuse as still brighter they shine,
Exhaling the dew-drops that evening distills.

So ALICIA's sweet smiles drive sorrow away,
Enliven my heart and dispel ev'ry fear,
Felicity darts in my bosom a ray,
And pleasures, pure pleasures in beauty appear.

ALICIAN.

ORIGINAL.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

HERE o'er the world I go alone,
My father's dead, my mother's gone,
Alas! I know not joy:
Compel'd to beg my bread, or want,
Lanes, streets, and alleys oft I haunt,
O, help an orphan boy.

I will not steal, nor rob, ah no,
Nor with night-stragglers will I go,
Who pilfer and destroy:
The smallest pittance you can give,
Will cheer my soul my heart revive—
Know, I'm an orphan boy.

With joyful heart would I receive,
That which you at your table leave,
Till I can get employ:
Since in the world I'm bound to stay,
Till GOD is pleased to take away
The lonely orphan boy.

J——.